FLOWER AND BERRY BABIES

By Edna Groff Deihl

Stone

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AUNT EST'ES STORIES

From Granpa and Granma
Johnson, to Betty Louise Lond

AUNT ESTE'S STORIES of the FLOWER AND BERRY BABIES

Written by Edna Groff Deibl
Author of Vegetable and Fruit Children

Illustrated by Vera Stone

A Just Right Book
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FLOWER AND BERRY BABIES

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"All I Want Is the Soda Glass," Said Black

(The Raspberries' Doctor)

A JUST RIGHT BOOK
MADE IN THE U. S. A.

PREFACE

This attractive book of delightful stories of Flowers and Berries will keep up the greatest attention of all the children.

Useful facts bearing on the origin and growth of these plants are related in a merry manner.

The reader of books for children will find in these jolly stories all elements essential for entertainment, adventure and knowledge.

An Easy Reading Book for the child's library that will always please.

The Publishers

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AUNT ESTE'S STORIES

of the

BERRY AND FLOWER BABIES

Brave Violet.

Once upon a time in Mother Nature's winter home, Under-the-Ground, the flowers were getting very restless. You see it was nearly spring, and they had been sleeping all through the winter. It is good enough to have to sleep all night — but all winter! No wonder they were lively.

It is true during the first month of winter, they had thought their warm, brown earth bed very comfortable; it is true in the first few months, the dark earth room, in which they slept, was very soothing to their tired eyes, which had grown weak looking into the face of Uncle Sun through a long summer; it is true their warm, white snow comfortable had felt very cozy and cuddly at first, but now they were beginning to feel as little girls and boys do when morning peeps in at the window, and "kick" fly the covers, and "patter" come little feet. My, but the flowers wanted to kick off that brown earth cover! My, but they wanted to crawl out over the top of

that warm, white comfortable! My, but they wanted to be kissed by the Rain Children once again."

"I Want to Hear My Friend," Said Saucy Red Clover

"It seems an age since we have heard the song of Red Robin," sighed Red Rose.

"I want to hear my friend the Blue Bird," said Saucy Red Clover.

"Dear me, how long is it since we have played hide and seek with the big brown cows?" asked White Daisy.

"My!" said dainty Yellow Buttercup, "I hope to see a pink sun-bonnet, and have one of those earth children say 'Oh, you pretty Buttercup'."

Suddenly one of the flowers said, "Let's stretch our necks, and put our noses out in the air. Let's see what is going on."

So one and all stretched until they reached the surface. But as soon as the cold air struck their faces they pulled right back into the warm earth room.

Are the Little Girls Wearing Their Pink and White Sunbonnets?

"Oh!" said one and all. "It is so cold."

"I am afraid I will freeze if I go out." said Red Rose. "And I may get my beautiful, red dress all soiled in the early Spring slush. But I do so want to see Robin."

"I cannot go out," said Red Geranium. "I might take a cold, and then my nose would be redder than it is, but I should like to know whether Blue Bird has come back."

"I cannot go out," said Daisy. "My eyes would get all pasted shut with the cold, and I could not see. I am afraid I might freeze, and the cows would find me right away, but I should like to know whether they are in pasture."

"I cannot go out," said Yellow Buttercup. "I wish I could for I should like to know whether the little girls have yet put on their pink and white sun-bonnets. I believe none of us are big enough to crawl out and fight Jack Frost. We had better all crawl back into bed."

"Peep, peep," said a little voice. "I'll go out. I'll put on my purple cloak, and keep myself well bundled, until I see whether Uncle Sun will keep me from freezing."

"Why Violet!" said one of the flowers. "You dare not go out. You are too small. You will be scared by the wind."

"Not I!" said Violet. "I will see whether Robin and Blue Bird are back. I will see whether Bossy Cow is in pasture. I will see whether the earth children have put away their muffs and brought out their sun-bonnets. Leave it to me." And before they could turn, Violet jumped out from under the warm earth covers, and was gone.

"She surely is brave!" sighed Red Rose. "It must be splendid to have such courage! I will wait a while longer," and she crawled far into bed.

"She is a wonder, but we will wait until she calls us," said the rest, pulling up the covers, over their heads.

"Yes," said Mother Nature, who had been listening to them. "Violet is the bravest, sweetest, kindest one of all the Flower Family. And I think the Earth Children love her best of all, for she brings them the first messages of Spring. I can assure you Uncle Sun and I will not allow her to freeze."

And now, dear little ones, be sure to make Violet happy when you find her. I think she likes best of all to be taken to some shut-ins so that they may find in her the breath of the cool green woods.

The Flowers' Scare.

Once upon a time, in their winter home, Under-the-Ground, the flowers had all settled down for a last Spring nap. Just as sometimes boys and girls turn over for a last nap after the sun has peeped in at the window. I said ALL the flowers had settled down—but there was one who had not. It was Violet. She had gone to look whether the birds had come back, and to see whether the Sun-bonnet babies

were out. At last, one by one, the rest awakened. My, but they were a lazy, drowsy lot!

"Dear me," said Red Rose, as she stretched herself, "I wish we had all come up when we were awake the first time."

"So do I," answered Tulip. "I never feel good when I sleep late in the Spring."

"I am afraid I will not get to church in time to show my Easter bonnet," said Hyacinth.

"I do not want to be late for my wedding," sighed Calla Lily. "My white satin dress is so rich and rare."

Suddenly Easter Lily looked about with a start. "Why, where is the baby?" she asked.

"Our baby? Arbutus?" asked Red Rose. "Why, I don't know. She was crawling around the room when Violet went out. Where can she be?"

"Arbutus! Beauty!" called the flowers. "Traily, come here to your aunties. Don't you hear them calling you?"

"I think the little one crawled under Lily's Bulb," said Geranium. "She is always creeping around trying to get into mischief. There is no use in getting excited. You know she is here some place."

Nevertheless Geranium looked worried. So did all the rest. Calla Lily forgot about her wedding; Hyacinth forgot about her Easter bonnet; Tulip forgot about her sleepiness; one and all hunted and hunted and hunted, but they could not find Arbutus.

"Oh, where is our little baby!" the flowers cried. "If we only had not taken that nap, she never would have been lost!"

"But where could she have gone?" questioned Daisy. "Why, the little midget cannot walk. She could not have crept far."

"Well," said Buttercup. "Let us stop this foolish crying, and use sense.

Was the door open? Might she have crept out?"

"That's it!" said Pansy, from her little corner of the earth-room. "I'll venture to say Violet left that door open when she went out, and Traily has crawled after her. She is always following Violet."

"Oh, my!" shivered Red Rose. "She never could live in that cold biting air! Why, she is only a baby! The little pink and white darling! To think of her crawling over that cold earth after Violet!"

"Wait," said Hyacinth, as she picked up a little root telephone, "I will ask Mother Nature if she has seen her.

'Hello—Hello, is this you, Mother Nature? This is the Flowers at Under-the-Ground. Have you seen our

"Wait," Said Hyacinth, as She Picked Up a Little Root Telephone

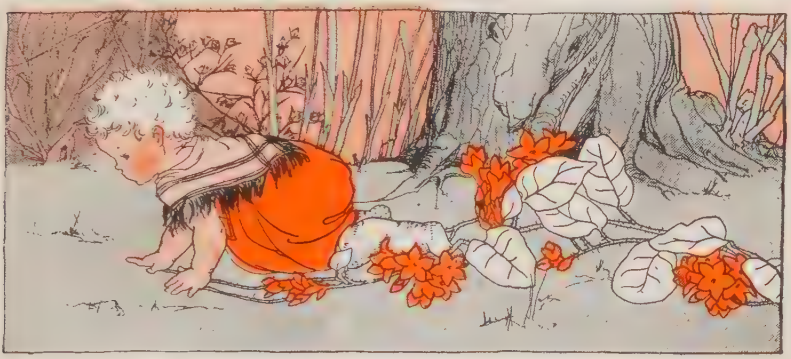
baby? Yes, I mean Arbutus. Yes, of course, Traily, with her pretty pink and white skin. We cannot find her. —Yes, that's her. She cannot walk;

just crawls every place. Have you seen her?'" Then for a long while the flowers waited eagerly. They could hear Hyacinth saying "Is it possible! Can it be?" But her face was bright, so they knew it must be good news she was hearing.

"Well," they asked, as she hung up the receiver. "Where is she?"

"Just as Pansy expected," answered Hyacinth. "That youngster followed Violet. Mother Nature said she saw her start, but she thought a little cold air would do her good. She threw a green blanket over her, and pulled on her green, woolen stockings, and that youngster has crawled all over the dark, woody places of the earth after

Violet. Up hill and down, under tree and bush. The Earth Children are wild about her. Uncle Sun says 'Do

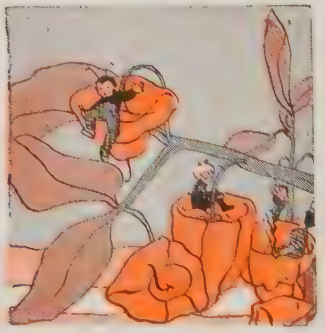


Little Arbutus Wandered Away

you think we will let a baby freeze?' Jack Frost has been eager to kiss her cheek, but Mother Nature would not let him. She says he is too rough."

"But how can we ever see her again?" sobbed Daisy.

"Go after her, of course," answered Hyacinth. "We have been napping too long already. For one, I am ashamed of having let that baby go out before us." So saying, she pushed her way through the ground as fast as possible, with all the flowers following.



Bugville Turned Out and Stood Along the Walk

The Flowers' Baby Show.

Once upon a time the flowers in Garden Bed Village were growing very tired. The summer had been long, and they had played all the games they knew how to play. They had

given luncheons and tea-parties. They had taken baths each morning in the dew. They had watched the beautiful firefly balloons each evening. Now they wanted something new to do.

"It is all very well for those flower friends of ours who have been taken away," complained Daisy. "But what can we do?"

"I will tell you," said Pansy, who was always original, and thinking out new games. "Let us have a Baby Show. I have heard that the earth folk do that sometimes."

"Good!" said Heliotrope. "That will be splendid! We will all take our babies. Where can we have the parade?"

"I have a beautiful, white walk to offer you, fair sister Flowers," said White Elysium. "It reaches all around Garden-Bed Village. It is quite easy on the feet, and will make a splendid parade ground."

"Oh, thank you!" said Pansy. "That will be a cool, safe place for the babies, as it is so near the Marigold fence. If one of the babies does get away, it cannot possibly climb over that. But who shall be the judges? I should like to trust flowers, but they might be partial to their own babies."

"I think," said Red Rose, as she blushed, "I might ask my friends, the birds, to act as judges. The little tree over there at the edge of Garden-Bed

Village would make a splendid judge's stand. Robin is so fine looking in his gorgeous red vest, and his chirps are so musical. I am sure he and Blue Bird, and that handsome Mr. Woodpecker would do anything I would ask of them."

It did not take long to complete plans. The next morning the Flowers had their Baby Show. And such a show! It surely would keep the earth folk busy to show off a finer lot of babies.

There were no nurse maids. Each mother wheeled her own baby down that Elysium walk; for each and every mother was so proud to own so fine a baby she would allow no one else to

wheel it. Of course, at first, Red Rose had thought it a bit beneath her dignity to push a baby carriage in a parade. When she saw how very beautiful Baby Rosebud looked, wrapped in her green blanket, with her lacy little green veil drawn over her face, so that the sun might not hurt her eyes, she, too, was glad to push her baby around.

All the little worms, and bees, and ants—in fact, all of Bugville—turned out and stood along the side-walk. I wish you might have heard the "ohs!" and "ahs!" as the parade passed by.

"Oh, look! there is Baby Daisy! Isn't she the whitest-skinned little dar-

ling, and isn't her little yellow cap set smartly on the middle of her head!"

"My! Look at Reddy Geranium! She must just have been pulled from her nap! She is all red from crying!"

"And hasn't Baby Forget-me-not sparkling blue eyes!"

So the bugs chatted as each passed by, and a butterfly, looking down from the tree-gallery, as she saw Baby Forget-me-not, sang:

"Her beautiful eyes are so very blue,
"I believe the sky came down on the dew,
"And is living in them. For You! For You!

Which was very clever of Butterfly. The worms thought so too, and they were very proud of him, for hadn't he once crawled about in their company?

"Well," called Red Rose, when the parade had passed the judges stand, "Which is the prettiest?"

And then those birds all flew to the ground saying, "Chirp, chirp, chirp," as fast as they could. But the flowers could not understand. You see they had never once thought of the fact that birds and flowers talk a different language! They could not understand just as you would not understand a little one from a foreign country, who speaks a different language. So to this day each flower thinks it must have been her baby who took the prize, which I suppose was just what the Bird judges wanted. It seems to me they might at least have made Red

Rose understand, but they talked their merry language because they wanted each mother to be happy, and they really had all been so pretty, it had been a hard matter to decide. I think perhaps if you and I were made judges at a Flower Baby Show, we might have the same trouble that the Bird Judges had deciding who won the prize.

Easter Lily's Sermon.

Once upon a time in Hot-house City, Flowerland, little Hyacinth sat on her tiny green stool, talking to Tulip in a very earnest manner.

"What is in the air," said she. "I have never seen Mr. Gardener so careful of our Flower-pot Houses, nor so kind to us. He keeps our houses entirely free from weeds, and he gives us all the water we need. What is going to happen?"

"Oh," answered Calla Lily, "if you were an older resident of Hot-house City, you would know, my dear. Of course you have just come up from

your winter home, Under-the-Ground, so you cannot be expected to know as much as we do. My dear, Easter is coming."

"Easter?" asked Hyacinth. 'What is Easter? A man?"

Calla Lily looked in wonder; Pink and Yellow Tulip hid their faces behind their green leaf fans; Red Tulip was surprised at such ignorance, while the Narcissus Children huddled close together and giggled and giggled.

"Of course not!" shouted all the flowers. "Easter is a day!"

"It is the day," said Red Tulip, "we must look our best. I am so

My Dear! Easter Is Coming

proud when I am taken to church and placed before everyone, so that I may spread my red dress as far out, as it is possible to spread it."

"I shall not spread mine, this year," answered Pink Tulip. "I mean to keep mine close about my body. Hyacinth, you will be pretty with that bell trimming all over your gown. I will be surprised if you are not most beautiful. They so often sing about Bells in the Sunday School where I stand."

"The smaller flowers are quite restless!" said Calla Lily, with dignity. "Hyacinth, above all be dignified! If you would only copy after me, you

will not fail to make an impression. I am so sedate in my gorgeous white satin gown. And this wee touch of yellow I wear on my breast gives my gown such an air of elegance."

"Dear me!" said Hyacinth. "Is that what Easter is for? To show off our clothes? I really thought all this fuss the gardener was making meant more than that."

"Oh, it is not all clothes," said a tiny Paper-white Narcissus Mother. "We have fun too. Why, my six little petal children are always seated around the dearest egg-cup, holding three tiny yellow eggs. To tell you the truth, Hyacinth," she leaned over and

whispered, "these flowers think of nothing but clothes. Now I am only too glad to be able to give pleasure to my babies, and forget myself. My babies are just like the earth children. Easter is a time for feasting with them."

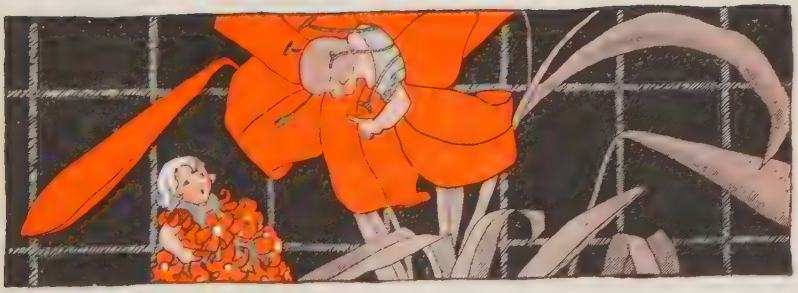
Hyacinth wondered why so much should be made over Easter if it only meant fine clothes and lots to eat, when she heard a beautiful voice. She turned, and beheld the most gorgeous flower in all Hot-house City talking to her. It was Easter Lily.

"Dear Hyacinth," she was saying, "Easter is not to show off our clothes. Easter is not to eat eggs. We are

glad to have these things. I hope you will not get this selfish spirit from our dear, little friends, so soon after you have left Mother Nature's simple home, and have come to our Hot-house City. There seems to be a selfish spirit in this close air. Hyacinth, Easter is the day of rejoicing. Have you forgotten that, Calla? Have you forgotten that, Tulip? Have you forgotten that, Narcissus? What we are to do, is not to show off our new clothes, is not to be greedy and eat all day, but to BE GLAD and REJOICE first of all. We are supposed to wear our new clothes because everything became new on that day; we are supposed to eat eggs because an egg

best shows how life comes from darkness. You know how the chicken bursts the shell and comes from the egg after being in there for so long. We are not to be proud and think only of ourselves and our pleasures, but to REJOICE and BE GLAD."

When Easter came they were glad and rejoiced because the Lily had told them what the day was for.



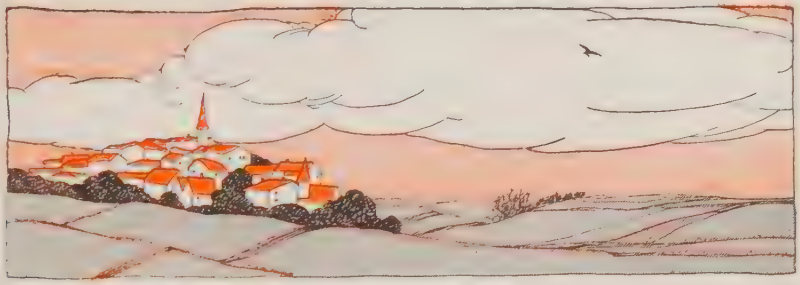
Easter Is Not to Show Off Our Clothes

Johnny Jump-up and Giant Sun-Flower.

Once upon a time Johnny Jump-up's mother was telling him a story about the Giant Flower. "Why, Johnny," she said, "He is so big, you could not touch his ankles, for you measure but several inches, while he measures many feet."

"Oh, mother," said Johnny. "Tell me some more. Is he fierce? Would he harm a little flower like me?"

"I do not think he would hurt you, Johnny; neither do I think he would notice so small a creature. He is very



He Will Not Look North

humble, however. He sometimes lives in the tiniest kind of a back yard He has a big yellow face, and wears a little brown cap on the middle of his head. He never looks in but one direction, and that is south. Some flowers say he will not look north, because he does not like the mid-night sun; nor east nor west, because he is jealous

of the day sun; so he looks south where he must look no sun in the face. You see he is a Sun-flower."

"Dear me!" sighed Johnny. "I wish I might see him before I die."

"That is impossible," replied his mother. "Because he never can be seen until late in the year, when you are in your long sleep."

But Johnny was a boy. Moreover he was determined. He made up his mind that he would see that giant.

So he hid away in the tall grass, and never made a sound. By and by all the family went off to sleep and forgot about him.

It was hard for Johnny to live, but he drank sunshine and dew, and napped on Aunty Dark's breast each night so he managed to keep alive.

My! but he saw sights! The most wonderful birds, and bees and butterflies. And of all the crawling, buzzing busy creatures he asked but one question, "Where can I find Giant Sun-flower?" But each went on his way without a reply.

One day a tiny winged creature stopped in front of the place where Johnny lived, and dug into the earth with its beak. It was tiny Mr. Wren, hunting worms for his little family, in the nest home, but Johnny thought it was a fairy.

"Kind fairy," said Johnny, with a bow. "Can you tell me where I might find Giant Sun-flower? I have been hunting for him all of my life, and now I am growing old."

"I think I can," answered Mr. Wren, who was much flattered at being taken for a fairy. "There is a chap by that name living in the little back yard beside my home. We all love him. The little chickens in the pen sing for him all the day long, for you know, when he dies, he leaves his wealth of sun-flower seeds for the chickens and the birds. Even the poll-parrot in the window, in the house, near by, sings all day "Polly wants a sun-flower seed." The giant only smiles at all

of us, for he will not leave his wealth until he dies. If you really wish to see him, I will carry you in my beak to my little nest home. You can sit on my front porch, and look straight into his face. That is really the only place you could possibly see his face, for he is so great and tall."

Poor Johnny Jump-up! He was so old and weak by this time that he nearly cried from joy. But his wish had come true! So he drank in a long breath of sunshine, and swallowed the drop of dew which was left in his cup from breakfast, as away he was carried in Mr. Wren's beak.

When he opened his eyes, he was seated on the lovely, branch piazza of

the Wren home, and across the way, the most wonderful flower, all yellow like the sun, with a little brown cap set jauntily on the middle of his head, smiled at him, and in a deep voice said:

"Johnny Jump-up, you are a brave little fellow, and I admire you very much. I am going to put you to sleep in my own arms. Mr. Wren, will you kindly toss the little fellow over to me?" Then before Johnny knew what was happening, he was being rocked to and fro, seated on the cap of Giant Sun-flower.

And there, a happy little fellow, he closed his eyes for his last, long sleep.

The Pink Roses of Bush House.

Once upon a time, next door to a beautiful, white mansion, in which the Earth Folk dwelt, the Family Pink Rose, lived in their dear, little cottage, Bush House.

It was a most complete Flower Cottage. It had beautiful green shutters, and quaint, thorn fire-escapes. In it lived Father Rose, a big, fat fellow, who always had his pink vest showing, so that every one might see his gold-watch seed-pocket. With him lived

Mother Rose, who wore her fluffy pink skirts fastened around her narrow waist with a green belt. Also, there was the eldest daughter, Pink Rosebud, in her narrow Princess gown; the oldest son, little Bud Rosebud, a funny, stubby fellow wearing a green cap; and last, but not least, a whole stem bed-room full of Baby Rosebuds, lying in little green cradles, with a lacy curtain drawn over each face. Oh, what a happy family they were in their dear little home.

"I hope we may never have to leave our home or each other!" said Mother Rose one day.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Father Rose "If we always stayed at one spot we

It Had Beautiful Green Shutters and a Quaint Thorn Fire Escape

could never make anyone happy but ourselves. Besides you would not see the world. I should like you and the children to travel a bit. As for me, my time is about at an end. I must soon be folding up my seed-pocket, and blowing over the earth to make new Roses for next year. There is no joy in living but for a day."

No sooner had he said this, than off his pink vest flew, and he was gone. The family missed him of course, but they knew that he was happy, making Roses for next year, so they made up their minds to be glad. Mother Rose was left them, at least.

But one day a beautiful lady passed the Bush House. "My!" said she, as

she leaned over and smelled the perfume Mother Rose always used. "What a fragrant Rose! It will look beautiful on my library table."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mother Rose, as the Lady picked her, "I should love to see the World! But who will take care of the babies?"

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed Miss Rosebud. "Don't you think I can watch over them?"

So all through the long day Rosebud kept house. That night a young man, passing Bush house, saw her. He exclaimed, "What a wonderful Rosebud! I shall take it in to Mother."

"I shall like to go!" said Rosebud, as the young man clipped her. "But I promised mother to watch the babies."

"Go along," said Bud Rose, in a queer, thick voice, which sounded sort of tearful. "I am short and stubby and not of much account, but I suppose I can tell the children a few stories about Fairy Bees and Giant Wasps. You will have a good time in that white house. They were dancing in there last night."

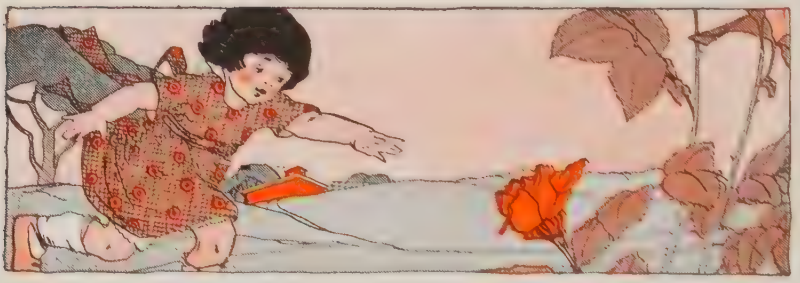
So all through the long night he watched those dear, little babies in their green cradles. He was very gentle with them. But although he told stories and laughed, his heart was with his mother and sister in the white

house. He was lonely but he kept saying over and over, "I will be cheerful and happy. I will never move from this spot until I grow to be a man like Father with a watch Seed Pocket."

The next morning a dear little girl came running up to the Bush House.

"Oh, you dear, little Stubby Bud!" she said. "I am going to take you and all these darling baby Rosebuds in to Grandmother!"

Before Bud could get his breath he and the babies were being clipped from their home, and being carried into a cool, and pleasant room, where they were put into a beautiful vase, filled with fresh water.



I Am Going to Take You to My Grandmother

Bud looked around to count the babies to be sure they were all there, when—guess what? In the very same vase, right beside him, were Mother Rose and Sister Rose-bud!

Well, such a hugging time, you never saw! They could not get close enough together in that vase. They were so

happy to think that they were all together in such a beautiful place. It really seemed too good to be true.

There they smiled so sweetly and cast their perfume so widely, that everyone in the big white house was happy.

Pretty Red Flowers

The Berries' Race.

Once upon a time eight little seed friends lived in Seed-store City. They were Strawberry Seed, Blackberry Seed, Raspberry Seed, Huckleberry Seed, Elderberry Seed, Currant Seed, Mulberry Seed and Gooseberry Seed.

They looked so much alike that the Mayor of Seed-store City (some folks called him the store-keeper) had to mark each envelope house in which the different seeds lived, in order to tell them apart.

One day these little friends had a plan. They planned over who could win the race in giving berries to the earth folk.

"I can win the race," said Mulberry Seed. "I will be noticed first, because I make such a big tree, and grow such sweet berries."

"I don't know," said Gooseberry Seed. "Everyone will like my coat of many colors best."

"My shiny red one is prettier," said Red-Currant. "Red is so bright it can be seen at a great distance."

"I am quite sure we will be noticed first," said one of the Raspberry twins.

"Everyone looks at us first because one has such black hair, and the other such red hair."

"Well," said Strawberry Seed, "You all agree, don't you, that the Seed who grows the first berry wins the race?"

"We do." One and all answered. "Now let us ask the Mayor of Seedstore City to give us a green field so we may begin to grow."

Some kind fairy must have whispered this conversation to the store keeper, for the very next day, he gave the whole lot of little seed friends to a man, who took them away, and planted them, one and all, in a beautiful green place, where they grew and grew

and grew, each trying to have the first berry so that he might be the winner.

"Dear me!" said Mulberry. "It takes long to grow a tree!"

"Oh, dear!" said Currant and Raspberry and Blackberry and Huckleberry seeds. "It takes so long to grow a bush. When can we ever be able to grow berries?"

"Well, well," laughed Mother Nature. "You little fellows forgot when you were talking about your fine houses, that a fine house cannot be built in a day."

There was one little seed, however, who said nothing. It was Strawberry Seed. He just pushed and pushed

and grew a few leaves; then pushed some more and grew green berries; then pushed some more, and the green berries turned to pink and white, all covered with yellow polka dots.

"Look at Strawberry Seed!" said the tiny bushes, and the little sprig of a Mulberry Tree, who although they had worked with all their might, had only a few leaves to show. "You don't suppose that Strawberry Seed is growing to be a real berry, do you?"

Strawberry Seed only smiled, while she kept on pushing. One morning the bushes and the little Mulberry Sprig were awakened by a loud shout.

"I win! I grew the first berry!"

It was the voice of Strawberry Seed; and, sure enough, when the bushes and the sprig looked around, there, before their eyes was the biggest, reddest, juiciest strawberry, hanging to the little plant.

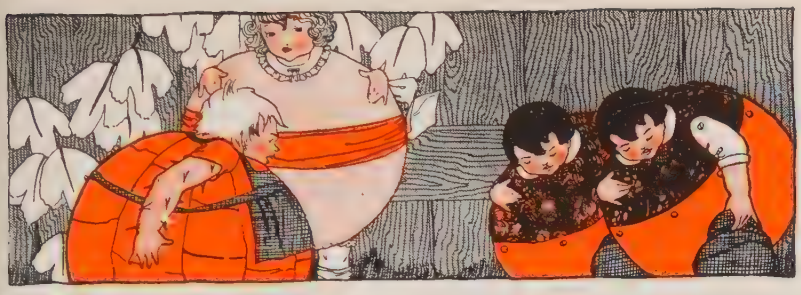
"That is not a fine house, to be sure only a low rambling cottage," they said, as they talked over Strawberry's victory. "Ours will be much finer when we get them finished. But Strawberry surely can grow berries quicker than we can. Let's be good friends, and give three cheers for Strawberry Seed."

The Red Juicy Strawberry

So the Berry Bushes and the Mulberry Twig leaned over and shook hands with the little strawberry plant, who had once been a seed, such as they had been, and gave this cheer:

"One, two, three,
"Hurrah, say we!
"For the tiny—little Straw-ber-ry!
"Though his house is small
He can win from all,
At growing a berry!
Is he quite clever?
Yes, very, very!
"So one, two, three,
"Hurrah! say we,
"For dear little queer little Straw-ber-ry!"

I hope dear little ones, whenever you play a game to win, you are willing to shake hands with the fellow who wins and give a cheer for him.



This Is My Dear Cousin Gooseberry

Reddy Currant and Her Country Cousin, Gooseberry.

Once upon a time Reddy Currant was invited to a Berry Party. My, but she was glad! She sat in her shrub house in the beautiful city yard where she lived, eagerly waiting for her little friends, the Raspberry Twins, to come for her.

She was dressed from head to foot in red, except for a little yellow hair-ribbon which was tied in a tight knot, right in the middle of her head. She was so little, and fat, and roly-poly, she almost looked like an apple dumpling, painted red.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "I am so anxious to go, I can scarcely wait. Rowdy Huckleberry will be there, and Juicy Blackberry and dear little Strawberry. Won't we have a great time. I wonder whether Mother Nature will have the same things to eat which she had last year—fresh air salad, cool breeze sandwiches and iced dew in leaf cups? — Why don't those children come?"

"There is a rap at the door now," said Mother Currant. "I suppose it is your friends."

Reddy quickly ran to the door. But when she opened it, instead of the Raspberry Twins, there stood—Guess who? Her poor little country Cousin, Gooseberry, dressed in an old dress. It looked exactly like a grandmother quilt, for it was striped yellow and green and red. To make matters worse her stem arms were all covered with prickles. If she had not been so countrified, she would have looked a bit like Reddy. One could at least tell they were cousins.

"How do?" said Gooseberry. "I came over to visit with you a little while yet! Are you glad to see me?"

Now Reddy was very kind. She did not want to hurt Goosey's feelings, so, although she was thinking "Dear me, how can I ever take her to that party? The children will laugh at her," she said with a smile "Surely I am glad to see you. You are just in time to go to a Berry party with me. It will be wonderful, Goosey! Dancing and eating and games! I am so glad you can go." Then she thought to herself again, "That is not false. I mean it. I am glad Gooseberry can see something of city life."

"I am not going to be ashamed of her," she continued to say to herself. "If those Berry Children make fun of her, I shall not dance with them, for she is my cousin."

"Dear me!" said Goosey, when she heard how fine the party was going to be. "I guess I will not go. I am so quiet and country like, I won't know how to act."

"Oh, you will get along." answered Reddy. "Just do as I do."

When the Raspberry Twins came for her, Reddy Currant, bowing very low, said, "This is my dear cousin, Gooseberry. Don't mind the thorns on her arms. She is really quite sweet, and her dress is just the style where she came from."

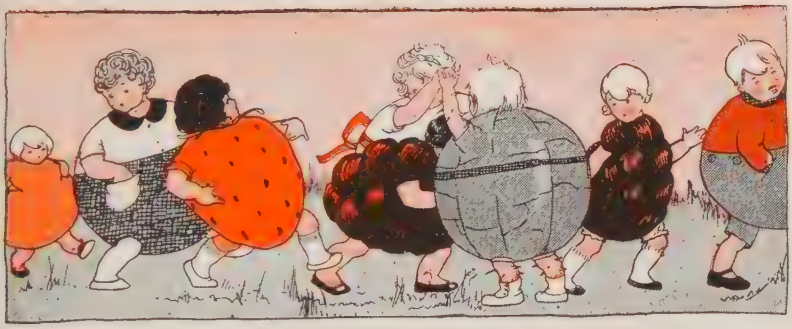
The Raspberry Twins bowed low and said "Glad to meet you," and off they started for the party.

Such a party and such a good time! Of course at first little Rowdy Huckleberry and some of the other boys, who always try to be a little smart, laughed at Goosey's dress, and made fun of her—

"Goosey, Goosey, big and juicy,
Just came from the farm;"

But the rest treated her lovely!

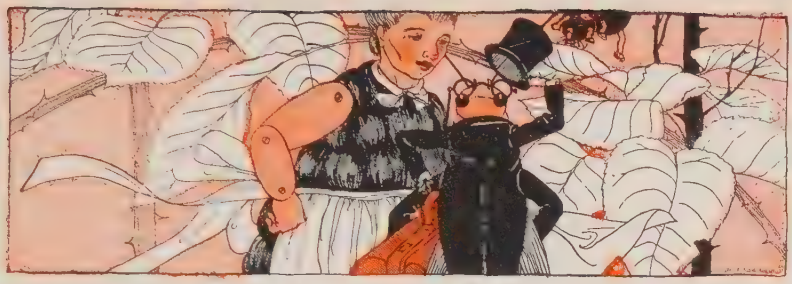
She knew lots of good games to play such as "Berry Bush is breaking down," "Ring around a Berry," and "Going to Juicy-town." Reddy Currant was quite proud of her by the time the party was over.



She Knew Lots of Good Games to Play

"Mother," she said, that night, as she was being tucked into bed. "I am glad I made up my mind not to be ashamed of Goosey, and to take her with me. When the children thought I liked her, and was not ashamed of her, they all liked her too, and never thought of her country ways."

"I am glad you have learned that lesson, daughter dear. Never be ashamed of anyone. Sometimes the sweetest things are hidden behind the sharpest thorns and the queerest clothes."



Good Afternoon, Mrs. Raspberry

The Raspberries Doctor.

Once upon a time all Raspberry Village was very sad. There were no little Raspberry children out playing in the bush yards. Most of the green leaf curtains were drawn tight, for the Berry Children were quite sick, and the Berry Mothers were much worried. On many of the Bush Houses, hung

signs like this: PLANT LICE — A CONTAGIOUS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASE.

The Berry Mothers had done all they could do. They had sent out messages to Mother Earth for more nourishment, through their little root telephones, but none had come. They had prayed Uncle Sun to shine away the pest, but that did no good. They had prayed to Uncle Wind to blow the lice from their Bush Houses, but that did no good. The disease stayed, and the Berry Children grew worse each day, until their little seed bones showed like those of famine children.

The disease was spreading. At first it had only been in one Bush House,

now it was in almost every house in the village. The little Raspberries were afraid to peep from behind the leaf shutters, and they were very unhappy.

"Dear me!" said Blacky Raspberry, "I am afraid we will not get to the candy shop to sit on top of Sundae glasses! I love to look around at the styles and hear the piano. If we stay so sick and seedy the farmer will not take us."

"I wanted to be put into a freezer and be churned into a sherbet!" said Reddy Raspberry. "I love to see every one smile when I come to a party in that style."

"If I only could be baked into a large pie like my aunts and uncles were last year, I would be perfectly happy." said another little thin faced black one. "They were buried beneath sugar when they were baked, swimming in a pool of juice. That would be great!"

"Well, you can just make up your mind, if this disease keeps spreading," said their mothers, "there will be no city for you this summer. These plant lice are dreadful. Just listen to the poor babies crying. It is a shame the way they itch."

Now one day a queer looking stranger came into the village. She hopped up to each house, and read the

sign on the door. Then she shook her head until it nearly dropped off. "About time I am getting to work here," she said, as she walked into one of the Bush Houses.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Raspberry," she said. "May I have a place to lay eggs in one of your stem-bedrooms? My name is Snowy Tree Cricket."

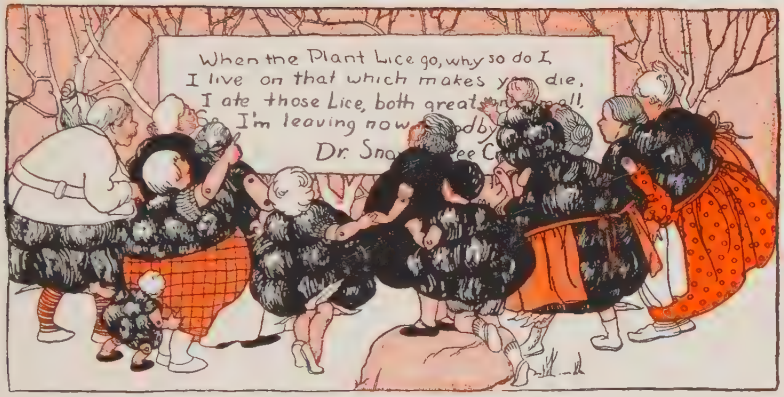
"I do not think we have any room for eggs around here," said Mother Raspberry. "We have a disease called Plant Lice. Your eggs might become infected. You had better go away."

But Snowy Tree Cricket only smiled. She laid her eggs in the house just the same, but that was not all. She got to work in her spare moments, and

before they could say Jack Robinson, she had cleared that house of all those Plant Lice. She just ate them up!

All the babies began to be happy and black and juicy again. Mother Raspberry did not like to have eggs lying all over her house, but she was so glad to have her babies well again, she gave her the freedom of the house.

And when that house was clear of Plant Lice she went to the next door neighbor and did the same thing. And from that house to the next, and all over the village, laid eggs in each house and ate up the Lice. The Village Raspberry folk called her Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket, and the children called her Dr. Cricket for short.



They Found This Sign

After a while all the signs disappeared from the doors. The children were all so fat and black and juicy and it was time for the farmer to pick them and take them to town. Then they decided to give Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket a party. But when they came to look for her she was gone, and on the last Bush House in the village they found this sign:

"When the Plant Lice go, why so do I,
"I live on that which makes you die;
"I ate those Lice, both great and small,
"So I'm leaving now, goodbye to all."

"To think of anyone eating Plant Lice! My, that makes me shiver!" said Black Raspberry.

"It doesn't matter to me what she did with them, so long as I do not have any around." said Reddy. "All I want is that ice-cream freezer."

"All I want is the Soda glass!" said Blacky. "You may have your ice-cream freezer and pies with pools of juice! I like to hear that piano."

So thanks to Dr. Snowy Tree Cricket they all got well. Wouldn't it be funny if our doctors cured us like this?

The Three Obliging Little Berries.

Once upon a time some little Blackberries were growing up in the country. Each family lived in its separate Bush House, where the children played on the porches. My! but they did have good times!

But before the summer had ended nearly all the little Blackberry boys and girls had been picked and thrown into big buckets, after which they had been packed into pretty little boxes, and sent away in autos.

The little ones that were left had no idea where they had gone. They had

Here Comes Three Little Girls. They Will Eat Us

waved their black hands goodbye, as the farmer had started off, to the few blackberries they could see sitting on the top of the boxes, but that was all they knew.

"Dear me!" one sighed. "It must be nice to go out into the world."

Now there were only six little blackberries left; three living in one little Bush House, and three in another. But they were very different. The three in the first little Bush House were disagreeable because they thought only of themselves. Their names were Dried-Up, Shrively and Seedy Blackberry. One day as they sat on their porch Shrively suddenly remarked:

"Dear me, here come three little girls. They will eat us. I do not want to be eaten, do you?"

"No!" said Seedy. "I do not."

"Let us hide!" suggested Dried-up. "They cannot find us then."

So all three of the disobliging, little Berries hid behind a green leaf shutter, just as three beautiful little girls walked up to the Bush House.

"This is a blackberry bush," said one. "There must be some berries here."

They looked and looked and could not find one berry. They never thought of looking behind the leaf shutter, of course. They were quite disappointed as they walked on.

Now on the next bush lived the three obliging berries, Puffy, Blacky and Juicy. They saw the little girls coming, too, but they did not hide! Oh, no, they did not!

"I think," said Puffy. "Blackberries were made to be eaten, were they not? Now if we must be eaten, by whom would you rather be eaten? By a great big man?"

"Oh, no!" cried Juicy and Blacky.

"By a beautiful lady?" again questioned Puffy.

"Oh, no, no, no!" again shouted the other two.

"By a cute, fat, little boy?" laughed Puffy.

"NO! NO! NO! NO!" they said.

"Well, then, by a pretty little girl?" laughed Puffy.

"Yes, indeed, oh, yes, indeed!" cried the other two.

"Well, here come three," said Puffy. "Let us look our prettiest." So they sat down upon their leaf porches smiling as broad a smile as it is possible for a blackberry to smile.

"Oh, look here!" cried the little girls when they spied them. "Here are three beautiful blackberries, just like Father said we would find! Oh! I never saw such beauties! Let us take them home, and show Father how pretty and fat and black they are. Then we will dip them in powdered sugar and eat them for supper."

So off the bush they picked the little Blackberries. My! Those berries were happy! They puffed up with pride when the little girls stepped into a big auto and were driven away by a chauffeur in livery. Just think of being driven to a city in an auto, each held by one of the prettiest little girls ever seen! Just think of being dipped in powdered sugar, and then placed in a rose-bud mouth!

"What a glorious end!" whispered Puffy.

Poor Seedy and Shrively and Dried-up watched the auto drive away, and then, from being selfish fell from their bush home, laid on the ground, dried up and blew away!

They Dried Up and Blew Away

The Tale of the Mulberry Tree.

The summer was nearly over. Good old Mother Nature was tired growing flowers and vegetables and berries for the earth folk; she was tired growing grass and fodder for the animals; she was tired growing wheat for the baker to use in making bread for the children; she was tired asking Uncle Sun to send his little son, Summer Breeze, to cool the aching heads of people and animals and vegetables and flowers; she was tired coaxing Mother Cloud to send down her rain children so that

Then the Little Elderberry
Children Coaxed for a Story

all her earth children might live, so, one night, when the little Elderberry Children coaxed for a story, she just refused to tell them one.

"If you children knew how tired I am," she said, "you would not ask for a story. I simply cannot think! Please let me rest."

But the little Elderberry Children were very much disappointed. Biggey Mulberry tree was sorry for them, and leaned over and offered to tell them a story.

Now the little Elderberry Children knew no one could tell a story like Mother Nature, but a story was a

story, and so they huddled together to hear the tale Biggey Mulberry would tell.

And that is how, one evening, little Summer Breeze, working for Uncle Wind, carried this tale from the big mouth of the Mulberry Tree to the little ears of the Elderberry Children.

"Listen," said the voice, "Listen, my children and you shall hear, of all of my family, far and near. Although you have known me for years, dear children, you have never known from what a wonderful family I come.

"I will first tell you of relatives in far away lands. Have you ever seen beautifully dressed ladies who rustle more in their silk dresses than I can

rustle in my leaves? Have you ever thought how it is that they can have all these silk dresses? Do you know that they get them from worms?—silk worms? Do you know what helps keep these silk worms alive? I suppose you have never thought of that, being so small. It is the leaves from my sister White Mulberry Tree, who lives in that great country China.

"Do you know that my brother, Paper Mulberry Tree is greatly loved in that other queer, wonderful country near China—Japan? Do you know that they use his bark trousers to make paper, and his wood body to make ornamental boxes? Do you know that my cousins are known by

all the rulers of Europe? Of course you have lived beside me long enough to know that I live to be very, very old—you have heard your great grandmothers telling that their great grandmothers knew me when they were little girls.

"You know how sweet my Berry children are, and how they are sought by many boys who knock them down with sticks. Dear Elderberry Children, I have held my beautiful leaf sun-umbrella over dozens of children at one time as they played tea-party; I have sheltered as many boys and girls when it rained as you have Berry Children in your whole house, just by holding out my arms above them.

"Above all, dear little ones, I can trace my family back to the time when the world was new, for my ancestors are mentioned in the Great Book. Yes, my Berry children are the only Berry children mentioned in the Bible—the B-I-B-L-E."

The last words trailed off into a low whisper. The Great Mulberry Tree was fast asleep. Mother Nature took time to whisper to the Elderberry Children: "Told you something to think about, didn't she?"

"Oh, I suppose she did!" said little Rowdy Elderberry, who was always hanging on the thinnest stem he could find, and doing stunts of all kinds.

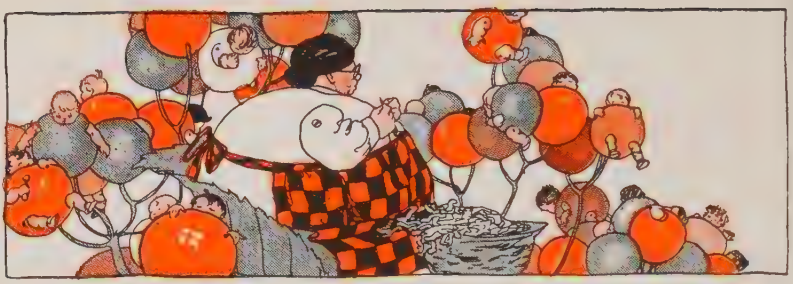
"But we wanted a story. We did not want a history lesson, and a sermon all in one."

"You must learn to like those kind of stories as well as funny ones, and ones of adventure." said Mother Nature.

"Oh, yes, we want to learn things about the world!" the other Berries whispered. "Biggey Mulberry surely must have a wonderful family. So many relations in other countries. We will try to remember all she told us."

"We will try, w-e w-i-l-l t-r-y!" and the little Elderberry Children had joined the Big Mulberry Tree in the land of Nod.

"Dear Children!" said Mother Nature when they were all fast asleep, and she went around to see them in bed. "I shall have to tell them something real jolly to-morrow night. But it will do them good to hear stories like that quite often."



She Sat Darning Her Thousand Pairs of Stockings

The Old Woman Who Lived On a Stem.

Once upon a time in Berrytown, Mountain Land, lived old Mother Elderberry. She was a very busy old woman.

Of course you have all heard the little rhyme:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
"She had so many children she did not know what to do."

It was the same with old Mother Elderberry. She had more children than any woman in Berrytown, and it was impossible to keep them neat and clean like the other children.

The little Raspberry children always looked so neat in their red and black rompers. They sat prim and proper on their leaf porches, while Mrs. Raspberry sewed with her thorn needle. Mrs. Blackberry's children were so tanned, and clean looking, while Mrs. Blackberry herself was such a good housekeeper; and the Strawberry children wore such neat little red. calico aprons, and were spotless.

Mrs. Currant and Mrs. Huckleberry had quite a number of children

too, but they did not crowd their homes as the Elderberry Children did, and they were not so little and bitter. Why, each of Mrs. Elderberry's bedrooms were so crowded with children there was no room to turn. Even the tiny alcoves were full! Poor Mrs. Elderberry did not know what to do.

No one seemed to want her children. The other berries were quite popular. The little children, and grown-ups as well, wanted them at their parties for sundaes and sherbets and short-cakes, and, just as they were, with powdered sugar; but no one ever wanted one of the Elderberry Children.

"No one wants my children!" sighed Mrs. Elderberry, as she sat darning

her one thousand pairs of black stockings. "They are too tiny and bitter. I guess they will never be of any use in this world."

But as she was darning, her head nodded. Soon she was asleep, and while she slept, she dreamed a dream.

On a big shelf, in a dark cellar, she saw hundreds of white glass houses, and in each of these glass-jar homes lived tiny people.

First she saw a jar of soft mashed up looking creatures.

"Hello, Mother Elderberry," they said. "Don't you know us?"

"Why what a surprise!" she said, "If there are not some of the Straw-

berry Children! You look so pale I did not know you."

"Yes," they replied. "We don't like it at all down here. We feel so funny. No one likes us put up like this. Over there are some more children you know. There are some of the Raspberry Children. They do not look as bad as we do, but they are kind of sick looking too. Then there are some Blackberry Children. They look very good down here, don't they? But look over in that corner. Do you know any of those?"

Mother Elderberry looked, and — guess what? She saw a whole thousand of her own little children, with no

stems, floating around in a shiny glass house; their eyes were sparkling, and their skins shone.

"This is great!" they cried, when they saw their mother. "This is better than living on such crowded stems. You should see how the little boys and girls laugh when the cook bakes us into pies. Up there are a lot more of our brothers in little glasses covered with paraffin. You will not know them for they are all mashed into a jelly, but if you had heard them shout for joy when they were cooked in sugar, you would be quite happy. Nobody turns away from us any more. I heard somebody say the other day,

'Elderberries are no good when they are on the bush, but are very fine when they are cooked'!"

I wish you had seen Mother Elderberry smile in her sleep. Her head just nodded, and nodded, and n-o-d-d-e-d until with a start, she awoke. There in her lap were the stockings undarned; there on the bush hung the thousands of little babies, all crying for something to eat; there were her stem rooms, full, full, full—there was nothing anywhere but children and leaf toys!

"Dear! Dear!" she said. "I must get to work! But since I know my children are really of some good in the

world, and make people happy, I don't care how hard I must work. I really am glad—

"I am an old woman who lives on a stem,
"With children and children, just thousands of them!
"I will work until the market man takes them to sell,
"Where in winter the earth folk will enjoy them well."

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